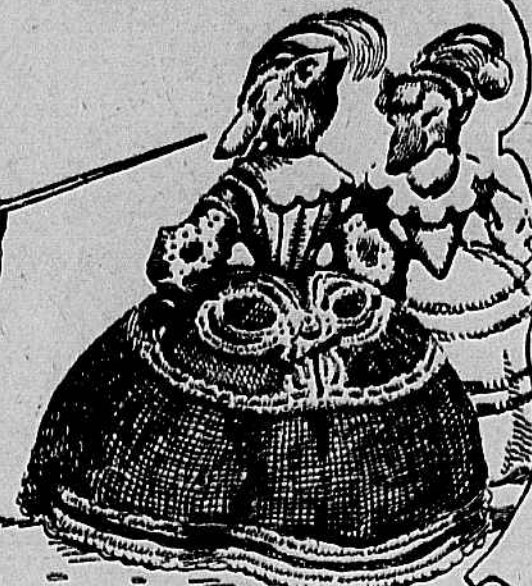
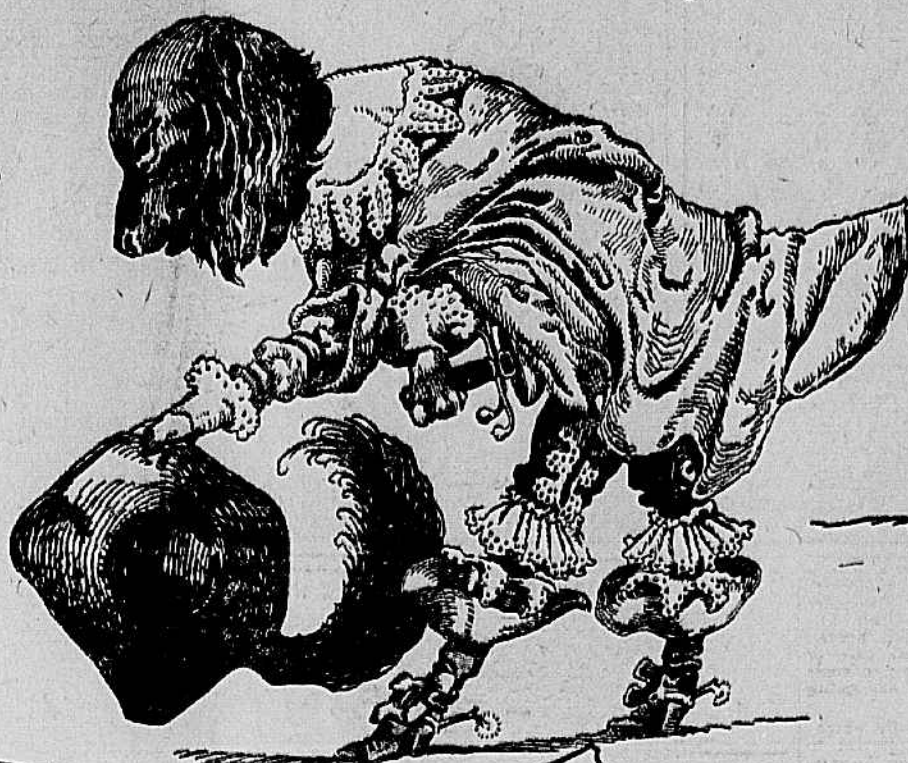
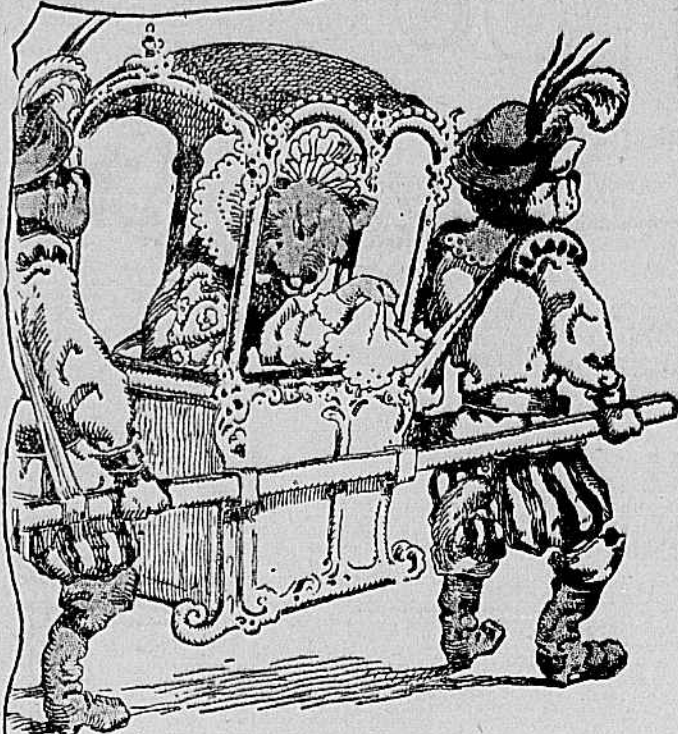


Animaldom

The Swell Cavalier

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J. J. MORA



THE DUEL



THE DYING CAVALIER INSTRUCTS HIS SECONDS



A very doggy Dog was he,
A swagger Cavalier,
So stunning that the ladies said,
"Now, isn't he a dear?"

From early morn till late at night,
In action or at rest,
He went around primped up to kill,
He always looked his best.

He had a quarrel, one fine day,
With one who'd been a friend.
A challenge soon resulted
For a duel to the end.

The foemen met. The Cavalier
Was in his best array.
The other, less particular,
Was stripped down for the fray.

They parried, thrust, retreated, charged
They puffed and swayed about,
Until our Cavalier's fine duds
Oppressed and tired him out.

His arm got tangled in his coat,
And twisted in his lace.
Then, suddenly, a skilful thrust
Cut through a vital place.

While dying, to his friends he said:
"This finishes my woes.
But when you bury me, be sure
You don't remove my clothes."

He gasped his last, poor Cavalier,
A mournful sight was he.
But soon, of course, his friends were seized
By curiosity.

OF COURSE, they stripped him of his duds,
They found, Alas! Alack!
That Mr. Cavalier had not
A stitch upon his back.

You'll find a million just like him
On all parts of the earth,
Whose gaudy outside raiment is
No proof of inner worth.

J. J. MORA.